

## Children's Department.

From Jalapa, Ind.

I am eight years old to-day, and I will write another letter for the EVANGELIST. We drove about fourteen miles down to Mariön to the dedication of the new church house. I saw our Editor and heard him preach. Last Sunday we went to a grove near College Corner church to the harvest meeting. I spoke a piece about The Willing Sacrifice. I will close hoping to see letters from other children.

BLANCHE DAWSON.

From Williamstown, O.

This is my first letter for the EVANGELIST. I take a great deal of interest in this paper. My mamma and papa belong to the Brethren church. I have one little sister two years old. Her name is Hazel, and four brothers. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday I can. I have missed four Sundays, since Sunday-school has commenced. Our day school has closed, and the teacher's name is Edson Line. We like him very much. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Condie Tombaugh. We like her very much. If I see this in print I will write again. I will close by asking a question. How many books are there in the New Testament? Yours truly,

LEOTA WEBBER.

### A SURE PROMISE.

Ethel was reading in her Book of Promises. It was not a new book, and she had often read in it before, but you know a thing always grows precious when you begin to need it. Now this Promise-book Ethel had had for a whole year, almost, for grandmother had given it to her on her last birthday, and it was all full of lovely promises copied out of the Bible, and yet Ethel had never cared much about it till to-day.

"What are you reading, Ethel, dear?" said Lily in a sad little voice, coming up to lean her head on her shoulder. The little girl's eyes were red with weeping, and her voice sounded weak and tired, the way it does when you have cried a long time. Poor Lily didn't know much about trouble, and it came hard the first time.

"Look at this page of 'Fear nots'!" said Ethel, holding the book so that both her little sisters could see. "I used to call them the 'Don't be afraid's.'"

"Read 'bout it," said Maggie.

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee," read Ethel slowly. "I heard grandmother say something about 'water' this morning. She was coming out of mamma's room just

after the doctor went away, and she pulled papa's head down and 'poored' it and I heard her say, 'Deep waters, Jerome, but they shall not overflow.' And a little while after I heard her humming 'How firm a foundation.' You can always tell what grandma thinks about by her hymns. I can."

"Let's go up and ask her to sing it to us," said Lily, who felt like being cuddled.

There was a great old rocking-chair in grandma's room that the children always called the cradle-chair. It was such a good place for babies and little folks to be rocked in. Whenever anybody felt bad, the best thing he could do was to go up to grandma's room and snuggle down a while in the cradle-chair. Nobody minded that the black horsehair was worn off in spots and the carved roses on top broken off. Its old arms had been worn out with the comforting people, and that is enough to make anything or anybody seem good-looking, if you know about it. So they all three got into it and grandmother sang:—

Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,  
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,

Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

When through the deep waters I cause thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow.

The dear old voice stopped singing right in the middle of the verse about "deep waters," to take up little Lily, who had dropped fast asleep in the big old chair.

"You do the very same thing, dearies," she told the others. "Rest your little sore hearts on the promise. The dear mamma is very sick, but the Lord can make her well just as easy! And anyway there's the promise—a sure promise. Put your head on that pillow."

And they did. And what do you think they heard when they waked up the next morning? That the doctor said that mamma was better!—*Little Pilgrim.*

### BERTIE'S COMMANDMENT.

The children had been a whole week learning the commandments. When every one was "perfect," they were going to have their names sent to the little Sunday-school paper which their teacher gave them, and some day—what do you suppose? There all their three names would be, staring right at them out of the paper! Bertie and Louie and May,—all three,—so that everybody would know and begin to whisper all around, "Those children are in the Honor Roll! They have learned all the Ten Commandments!"

But mamma said it was no good learning commandments without practicing them.

"I think that I shall let each one of you choose a commandment to live by this week," she said. "Of course you have to take them all, and yet everybody in the world ought to spend most of his strength trying to keep the one that is hardest for him. I know which one May will have to practice on!"

"The 'not-coveting' one!" pouted May with a funny little pucker. "Because you say I am always wanting everything I see that anybody else has! And grandma is always saying, 'Take care, May! Remember the Tenth Commandment!'"

"Tell me 'bout *my* 'mandment!" said Louie, resting her little fat elbows on mamma's knee.

"Perhaps you had better have the one about minding mother!" smiled mamma, with a sly little look that made Louie's face grow red, remembering how she went out of the garden gate yesterday when mamma said not to. "That is what 'honor' means, partly. 'Honour thy father and thy mother.' Only six words, you see. Perhaps it will help you to remember mamma's words better."

"Now it's Bertie's turn!" screamed both the children, as if this were some new kind of game where each had a "turn." "Now what's Bertie's?"

"I know!" said Louie. "I can tell the very thing he ought to *prackiss*! The one about being good to cats! He treats my kitty d'edful!"

"Well, little one," laughed mamma, while they all shouted,—even Bertie,— "I think you are not very far wrong. I shall have to hunt up that commandment!"

"As if there was any such commandment living!" cried Bertie.

"Oh, I think there is," said mamma, turning to the little Bible that was always handy. "How about the commandment in the Golden Text?" reading the lawyer's answer in Luke 10: 27, and the story that Jesus told to explain it.

"Loving your neighbor isn't loving cats!" said Bertie.

"Your neighbor is anybody or anything that you ought to be kind to," said mamma, and the children ran off to play and left her.

"Didn't ever s'pose there was so much to the c'mandments, d' you?" said Bertie, going on ahead with May, while little Lou came tagging after.

"Well, you see, it's putting us and the commandments *together*!" said May. "And mother knows just how to do it."

No one is ever defeated who hasn't surrendered to himself.